

The Evening World.

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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.

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THE cable which stated that the Allies and Germany had signed an armistice at 11 o'clock yesterday morning and that hostilities had ceased at 2 o'clock in the afternoon was signed and sent by the President of the United Press and the chief of the United Press bureau in Paris.

There could have been no reason to believe these officers of an established news organization serving newspapers all over the United States failed to realize their responsibilities at a moment of supreme significance to the people of this country.

The subsequent statement from the President of the United Press that Admiral Wilson at Brest had also received word of the signing of the armistice adds substantially to the basis upon which the United Press may be supposed to have made its announcement.

In justice to the American public the circumstances under which the United Press cable was sent from France should be thoroughly investigated.

Even to anticipate the event in a matter of such moment would be a grave imposition for which those responsible must be called to account.

But the full truth is not yet revealed.

Parts of the German army and navy appear to have been functioning the wrong way. The Perfect Military Machine has slipped a lot of its cogs.

THE PRESSURE FROM WITHIN.

IT IS now plain that what French, British, Belgians and Americans under Marshal Foch have been doing for the last four months to Germans in France and Belgium has produced reactions more formidable than had been realized upon Germans in Germany.

Reports of riot and revolution in German cities, mutiny in the German army and navy, with Kiel and most of the warships of Germany in the hands of the mutineers, artillery firing on revolutionists in the streets of Hamburg, while troops ordered to quell the revolts throw down their guns and refuse to obey, indicate that the German High Command has found east as well as west of the Rhine urgent reasons for sending that white flag delegation through the Allied lines.

The Foch pressure from without has doubled the pressure of despair and revolt from within. The German militarist party has found itself caught at last between two forces—one outside, one inside—combining to crush the last remnants of its power and prestige.

To make things worse, Bavaria, whose frontiers are exposed to the Allies by the terms of Austria's surrender, appears to have shown itself more and more ready to break up the German Empire and make a separate peace.

With Foch and his advancing armies in front and hungry people determined to have peace becoming daily a stronger menace from behind, the German Government finds nothing for it but to kneel, hands up.

It is now possible to read between the lines of the recent proclamation in which the German Government urged upon the German people the need of "self-discipline and order," assuring them the while how deeply "the Government and the commanders of the army and fleet want peace." "They want it honestly and they want it soon."

"In all parts of the state and empire we need the maintenance of public safety by the nation itself. We have confidence in the German people. It has proved its brilliant qualities during four terrible years of war and will not allow itself to be driven senselessly and uselessly into new misery by visionaries."

Meaning: For God's sake keep down the Bolshevism and we will get you peace!

Be glad to-day your job is not in the Street Cleaning Department.

ITALY COUNTS THE WINNINGS.

DON'T overlook the inventory of what Italy won from Austria in the great Italian drive just before the armistice.

One million Austrian prisoners and \$5,000,000,000 worth of war material, including 200,000 horses and 6,000 guns, is the reckoning to date, according to a despatch from Italian Headquarters in Eastern Italy.

Since the beginning of the war no action has in the same space of time shown such winnings in prisoners and booty.

The amount of material captured affords a new measure of the punishment inflicted on the Austrian military power immediately preceding its surrender.

It will always remain a singular circumstance that at the very moment when some of the super-strategists of the Home Guard were assuring us that Italy would figure no more in the fighting, the Italians got the signal from Foch and struck the sudden and terrific blow that put the left arm of Teutonic military power finally out of business.

The rehearsal was enjoyed by all.

Belgian Crown Prince Veteran of Trenches at 17

CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD, oldest son of King Albert of Belgium, and whose official title is Duke of Brabant, has just passed his seventeenth year. He has been attending school in England, but on several occasions has worn the uniform of a soldier of the Belgian Army, and has lived at the front with his father, the heroic King who is about to regain his country. The Crown Prince has a fifteen-year-old brother, Prince Charles, and a sister, Princess Marie Jose, aged twelve, both of whom are also being educated in England. The Crown Prince is the hero of his schoolfellows, not so much because he is of royal blood as that he has seen real service as a soldier. Early in 1915 he was permitted to enlist in the 12th Infantry, and marched in the ranks with a rifle on his shoulder when the regiment was reviewed by his father and his mother. After that he took his place in the trenches where he served for four months. He was on several occasions under fire, and is said to have stood up under it like a man.

German Eagle Feathers!

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By J. H. Cassel



Women Who Found the Way

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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IN one of the busiest centers of the city, at the intersection of Broadway and Seventh Avenue, there is a little information booth. It bears an attractive sign and informs the men in uniform that the booth has been erected for their benefit. A splendid committee of women is in charge. Yesterday I talked with some of them and looked over the register, which is a human document, bearing names of people who have sacrificed and suffered in doing their part to "make the world safe for democracy."

Daily some heartrending appeal is made that shows the big effort necessary by individuals in the interest of the great cause. One of these instances is especially worth while. About two years ago a young man and a young woman in a small town married. They had very little with which to start, but they had love and youth and ambition. And they needed little more. He had a modest job—enough to make a little home. And they were very happy. When the war broke out they thought it all over. They had no close kith or kin, and both felt the call to arms.

It was agreed that he should enlist. She was willing to get some work during his absence, but the great worry was the little one that was expected. How would she manage?

Truly this man was torn between love and duty. Yet he enlisted, as they were both certain that a way would be found. She came to New York, where he was stationed preparatory to departure overseas. For a considerable period

she was able to work, but an unexpected illness took all the little savings they had except the one \$50 Liberty bond that they had managed to buy.

Then she went to the information booth to ask how to dispose of their Liberty bond so that they would not lose anything. During the conversation the whole story came out. Immediately the women with a will found the way. They arranged for the young woman to be cared for in a hospital and assured the husband that all would be well, and that they would look out for his wife while he was gone. A few days ago the little mother gave birth to twins. In the meantime the women had been finding the way. They found a good woman who had a spacious house in the country, who also had no kith or kin and who was lonely. So the mother and the two little ones were transferred to

this lovely place, and will there be cared for until father comes home from the war. The joyous letter that came from him in thankfulness of what had been done may well be imagined.

This is only one instance of what women can do when they have the will. Soon—perhaps very soon—thousands will be coming from the other side. Many of them will be malnourished and wounded. The families that have been waiting, struggling along until the return of the breadwinner, may be compelled to suffer considerable hardships until their breadwinner is able to take his place in the world.

There is much to be done. There are many ways to be found. The war has made woman come into her own. The big opportunity for real help—the individual aid—is on the way. It is real war work, even after peace has come.

Whys and Wherefores of Love and Matrimony

No. 1—Why a Man Needs a Woman's Help When Choosing a Wife

By Fay Stevenson

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WOMAN understands woman. When one woman meets another woman, Greek meets Greek. There is a certain look, a certain feeling that passes between them which mere man can never quite comprehend. A woman can see another as plainly as she can see her own image in the mirror.

No sensible woman ever tries to fool another; she never poses before a man—for women meet face to face. The woman who is ever foolish enough to try to pose before another, or pretends she is something entirely different from her natural self, is as foolish as a fly who tries to tango before a spider's web.

But woman doesn't often try to pose before another of the fair sex any more than she tries to stand before a mirror and tell herself that her eyes are brown when they are blue. You can't wear gingham and pretend it is satin, and you can't wear paste diamonds and pretend they are real. Neither can a woman paint her complexion or color her hair and another woman not know it!

A woman does not need to know another for a number of years to form an opinion of her—one glance will do. How many men have said they wanted their wives to meet another man's wife because she was

such a fine woman, and when the meeting took place how many wives have said "cut" and promptly dropped the acquaintance?

You can cheat a woman on stocks and bonds a good deal easier than a man, but you can never cheat a woman on another woman's character. If there is a mouse in the room a cat knows it, while the dog sleeps quietly on, and if there is a woman about any woman is keen enough to "size her up" in one good glance.

The feminine instinct is to surrender fully before her own sex, just as the private citizen surrenders to the highwayman. When a woman of questionable character comes into the presence of a good woman there is a dropping of the eyelids, an unspoken confession of "you know my type." Perhaps that same woman will pose as a moral woman before a preacher, but she shrinks from the eye of woman.

Woman is always a good judge of character. Her power of analysis, of intuition and of natural instinct usually exceeds that of man. Although she has been known to overestimate the value of man and to misjudge him, with woman she never fails.

Therefore, before blind man, that creature who is so sure of himself in the business world, ventures into matrimony, let him present his intended wife to some good, wholesome woman who is entirely neutral as to his motive. No matter how hard-hearted a man may be he always

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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THINGS picking up since the late autumn and early winter armistices, Mr. Slavinsky asked Mr. Jarr, cheerily, as he encountered his neighbor, the glazier. "Pre-bellum business good?"

"Business isn't bellum, it's bum," replied the glazier. "Me," he continued, "only it is fashionable to put in glasses on top of furniture tables I would starve to death. Winter is too long coming. What we need is lots of snow and a big strong wind."

"Not for me!" said Mr. Jarr. "I don't care for snow and wind." "You would if you was in the glass business," said Mr. Slavinsky. "Comes a snow and the boys throw snowballs, then my telephone rings to ask me to come around and fix the broken basement windows. Comes a strong wind

and the glass fronts blow out, so it all helps."

"I guess you are the only one that sees it that way," said Mr. Jarr. "Sure," was the reply: "but everybody sees it a different way. Here is the fellow what is an undertaker next door to me. My! I make my throat sore coughing for that fellow, just so he'll be sociable. He thinks I got influenza."

"Tell me about your influenza. You got rid of it, all right," said Mr. Jarr.

"I didn't have it at all," replied the glazier. "But only about a week ago I am taking out an order for a glass what is broken in a china closet up the street, and I see Berry, the undertaker, standing in his door and he looks as though business was good and he wanted it to keep good; and me, you know, I'm always the fellow to do a good turn by anybody when it don't cost anything, so I coughed for Berry and that makes him stop me and shake hands. Generally he only says it's nice weather, isn't it? or 'It's bad weather, ain't it?' But when I cough that way he asks me into Gus's to have some things, like you are going to do, for you ain't a tightwad, you don't care what kummet costs, you're a sport!"

"Well, Berry says, 'My! what a bad cough you got, Mr. Slavinsky.' And I say, 'Yes, it don't seem to get no better, and I'm going to see the doctor about it. I think it's influenza, and very dangerous.' "Berry says to me: 'Take my device and don't see no doctor. They only soak you and they don't do you any good. I never speak to a doctor.' "Yes, doctors and undertakers never

talk shop when they meet at their work," interjected Mr. Jarr.

"Sure!" Mr. Slavinsky continued. "Then Berry gimme a fine cigar, and I said I wondered why cigars was always broke that people give you, and he said because people was broke who give them to you maybe; and then he said there was a trick in every trade but undertaking, and then I coughed for him again and then he treated again."

"He had an eye to business, too?" "That's what I think," replied Slavinsky. "And every day during the influenza epidemic I would cough for him, and every day he would treat. But what good is it to do it now?"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I can cough now till my head aches and Berry turns his back," said Slavinsky, with a sigh. "It's all because my wife tells his wife about her father's and mother's golden wedding we was to."

Mr. Jarr's gaze bespoke his interest, and Mr. Slavinsky went on: "My wife tells Mrs. Berry about the golden wedding, and how another undertaker sends flowers and fifty camp chairs for the people to sit on and don't charge nothing, because people who have golden weddings can't live long. 'People like that undertaker,' my wife says, 'you could die for so I took a telephone number in case anything happened to Mr. Slavinsky, who has a bad cold.' "

"But didn't she know Berry was treating you for your cold?" "Sure!" was the reply. "That's why. My wife don't like me to go in Gus's even at somebody else's expense. Still, if friends invite me, what can I do?" "You can refuse," suggested Mr. Jarr.

But Mr. Slavinsky said that in times like these he "wouldn't hurt nobody's feelings for nothing in the world."

Whale Meat Newest Delicacy

PERHAPS we will have whale meat salad, or a whole steak, before long. A Canadian whaling company has been canning whale meat for a number of months in British Columbia. In a letter to the Commercial Intelligence Branch of the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce the company says: "Owing to the demand for whale meat for food we have erected a cannery where we expect to pack 30,000 to 50,000 cases of whale meat this season. We have erected three cold storage plants to handle frozen whale meat. We also own and operate two freight steamers, one of which has a cold storage capacity of 500 tons. The species of whales taken on this coast yield three to twelve tons of prime meat, and only the prime meat is used by us at the present time for

canning or freezing for food. At our plants the meat is handled in a sanitary manner, and to this end we have gone to considerable expense. Owing to the whale being a hot-blooded mammal, many of the whales brought into our stations are very large, as they are sometimes captured at great distances from the stations, and when they have been killed over twenty-four hours are not used for this purpose. Samples of our canned product are only now being sent out to prospective buyers, and we have not at present made any large sales in this country or the United States, although we have shipped 1,000 cases to Samoa and Fiji. For the frozen product, however, we already have orders for over 1,000 tons, the bulk of which is being shipped to Boston. Our whaling season opens about April 1 and ends about Oct. 1. Up to the present we have put up 18,000 cases of meat at our cannery."